

BIDE A WEE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

By Mary J. MacColl.



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AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MARY J. MACCOLL.

FOURTH EDITION.

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Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the
year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, by MARY J.
MACCOLL, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Your little volume is full of poetic beauty and deep feeling.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

“Bide a Wee” contains a chaste and graceful collection of poems which do credit to the heart and intellect of the author.—*John G. Whittier.*

Your little book confirmed all my favourable impressions. I found your poems truthful and melodious.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Your book is a true book, bright and beautiful.—*Joaquin Miller.*

BIDE A WEE AND OTHER POEMS, is a volume of verse simple and sweet, much of it sprightly, by Mary J. MacColl, a lady whose name will be recognized as a contributor to these columns. Like a true daughter of Scotland, she has chosen the phrase of her own land to give title to her work, from the saying of a little Scotch lassie, that patience signified the same as “Bide a wee, and dinna weary.” The ivory-smooth pages of this dainty little book are no clearer and more refined than the poems which they bear.—*Baldwin’s Monthly.*

This unpretentious little book will find a hearty welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. Miss MacColl has evidently inherited no small share of the Divine afflatus from her father, the well-known bard of Loch Fyne.

The descriptive character of the poetry of this book is equal to any that we have seen in poems of the kind. Thus, in “Fallen Stars,” the term “dimpled feet abare” is so expressive, so true to life, that it might have been limned by the poets of old. “In Memoriam” is full of sympathy and the holiest feelings that well up when speaking of the loved and lost.

The imagery of Miss MacColl’s poetry is surpassingly good.—*Hamilton (Ont.) Spectator.*

The meaning and moral of Miss MacColl’s poems may be seen at a glance. There is many a fireside where their sweetness will be welcome.—*Buffalo Courier.*

There are a good many pretty things in this little volume, poems without pretension, but which steal their way to the heart of the reader, quiet and unambitious of great results, but which are thoroughly effective in the vein their author has chosen.—*Buffalo Express.*

The first poem, "To my Father," is worth the whole cost of the book.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate*.

Miss MacColl wields an able and very versatile pen. In all her poems there is a delightful gracefulness of expression, and the reader is not merely interested, but captivated by an occasional flight of fancy. There is not a mere imitation, but that peculiar fire and feeling and pathos whose deep significance and beauty is best and only indicated in verse.—*Kingston (Ont.) British Whig*.

It is rarely that fugitive poetry is met with of so high a standard as Miss MacColl's. To our mind, the best poems are "Two Autumn Days" and "Fallen Stars," but for a truly charming lilt, commend us to "Edith Bell." We are not aware of ever having met with a grander description of feminine beauty, drawn by feminine hands, than that in the poem, "My Love."—*Hamilton (Ont.) Times*.

"One Less To-night" is a pathetic picture. "Fallen Stars," a sweet poem, full of large-hearted charity and tender sympathy for human "wandering stars."

In "My Love," with its musical cadence and glowing imagery, we recognise the work of a true poet; but in "Good-by" there is poetry, and more. "Johnny's Letter" is charming in its simplicity and drollness.—*Celtic Magazine, Inverness, Scotland*.

Judged merely for what they pretend to be, Miss MacColl's poems are abundantly worthy, sweet and womanly and excellent in their modest, artless way. They are the frank, sincere, unaffected utterances of a healthy, earnest nature, with strong convictions and positive principles of moral judgment.—*New York Evening Post*.

These poems breathe a sweet earnestness. Throughout the whole book there is no straining after effect. The *vers de société* are timely and demure, while "St. Elmo" is a picture full of refined humour. "To a portrait," "My Lady," "At Parting," "Returned," "Good-by," all go to make "Bide a Wee" a favourite little home book, pure and sweet and absolutely free from cant and mysticism.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Miss MacColl's poems all bear the impress of a trained mind, a clear imagination, a deep insight into human nature, kindly wit, and shrewd common sense.—*Scottish American Journal, New York*.

In "Fallen Stars" there is a grand plea for the weak and erring. We would also call attention to "St. Elmo," "Gage d'Amour," "Yet a Little While," "After Many Days." Fresh and welcome are the many references to the joy, the laughter, the love and loveliness of children.—*Ottawa (Ont.) Free Press*.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
TO MY FATHER,	9
BIDE A WEE,	12
A SERMON,	14
TWO AUTUMN DAYS,	17
CONTRADICTION,	21
FALLEN STARS,	23
RETURNED,	27
ST. ELMO,	29
IN MEMORIAM	32
COMFORT,	35
GOOD-BY,	37
TIRED TO DEATH,	40
GAGE D'AMOUR,	43
CHRISTMAS,	44
ONE LESS TO-NIGHT,	47
ANOTHER YEAR,	50
SNOW,	53
EDITH BELL,	55
TO A PORTRAIT,	58
"AFTER MANY DAYS,"	59
ANSWERED,	62
"YET A LITTLE WHILE,"	64
EASTER SONG,	66

	PAGE
MY LOVE	68
AT PARTING,	70
MY LADY,	72
A PENITENTIAL PRAYER,	74
ACROSTIC,	76
THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE,	77
JOHNNY'S LETTER,	79
THROUGH THE STORM	82
MEMENTOS	85
AN OWER TRUE TALE	87
FORGET-ME-NOTS,	89
BENEATH THE PINES,	91
DECORATIVE ART,	93
FOLLIES OF TO-DAY,	96
" MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE,"	98
SUNSET,	100
THE ORIGIN OF THE GUELDER ROSE	102
A MEMENTO QUILT,	104
A PRACTICAL PROPOSAL	108
INVOCATION TO JACK FROST,	110
FAITH	112

I OFFER these Poems to an indulgent public,
feeling deeply their incompleteness in every
respect. They have been written hastily, at inter-
vals, under circumstances far from favourable to
the clothing of poetic thoughts in a fitting garb.

I dedicate them, with fond affection, to my dear
Father, from whom I have inherited what little
poetic feeling they may display.

M. J. M.

TO MY FATHER.

DEAR honored father, who in childhood's years
Did'st fill to me the place of parents both
So faithfully that scarce I felt that loss
Which naught of earth can fully compensate—
A mother's love and guidance—glad I tune
My harp to sound thy praise, nor could I choose
A nobler, fitter theme. An honest man,
God's noblest work, thou art. For Truth and Right
A champion undismayed, who ne'er at wrong
Or aught unjust hath winked, because, forsooth
The doers sat enthroned in places high.
One who disdained to cringe to any man
Although thereby he might have gotten gain
And won position, ease, and all the good
That baser minds would prize as far above
A conscience clean and void of all offence.
E'en in the vilest thy broad charity
Could clear discern the good—the spark divine—

Though latent, waiting but the quickening breath
Of noble influence, example pure,
To fan it into never-dying flame.

The lowest outcast was thy brother man ;
No Levite thou, to take the other side ;
A kindly, helping hand was ever stretched
To all in need, and from thy hard-won store
Thou gavest bountifully. None uncheered,
Unaided, left thy ever-open door.

No test of worthiness did'st thou require—
That miserable excuse for heartlessness ;
The greater to be pitied, in thine eyes,
That wretch who knew that he himself had wrecked
His own and worse, it might be, other lives ;
And bowed beneath the burden of Too Late.

A man thou art of simple, child-like faith,
Enduring patience, and undying hope,
In one grand word, thou art a Christ-like man.

I think with sad regret of all the years
Passed far from thee, for Providence decreed
That my life-path, when thy protecting love
I needed most, should far diverge from thine ;

And I have missed thee sore a thousand times,
But ever by my side thy spirit seemed
To stand and counsel me to choose the good ;
And sweeter praise on me was ne'er bestowed
Than this, " Thou 'rt very like thy father, child."

Had I not lacked so oft thy sympathy,
Thy tender guidance, ever wise reproof,
My muse had taken loftier flights and thou
Had'st seen thy youth again renewed in me ;
But having to forego so much, my strains,
E'en when I sing of thee, are faltering ;
And yet a deep, unfathomable flood
Of fond affection surges in my soul.
In vain I strive to give it overflow
In voiceless music, and within my heart
It must remain a sweet, imprisoned song.

PATIENCE.

“ **B**IDE a wee and dinna weary ”
“ Patience ” quaintly was defined
By a little Scottish maiden,
 And the sweet words in my mind
Ever linger, like the memory
 Of a beautiful refrain ;
Making hours of gloom less dreary,
 When I breathe them o’er again.

Fretted by the many crosses
 All must bear from day to day,
Troubled by our cares and losses,
 Each of us hath need to say
To our hearts, impatient, crying
 For the ships so long at sea,
While faith faints and hope is dying—
 “ Dinna weary, bide a wee.”

“ Rainy days ” each life will sadden,
Gentle shower, or tempest wild,
Fall upon us,—blessings gladden
In their turn. To every child
Gives the Father or withholdeth,
Ever wisely, tenderly ;
Thus our hearts for Heaven He mouldeth,
“ Dinna weary, bide a wee.”

Some there are whom glad fruition
'Neath the skies may never bless,
Some to whose long-urged petition
Ne'er will come the yearned for “ yes.”
Why ? God knoweth—He who lendeth
Strength to suffer trustingly,
What He seeth best He sendeth—
“ Dinna weary, bide a wee.”

Hopeful wait a glad to-morrow ;
Cast on Jesus every care ;
Not unseen by Him thy sorrow,
Not unpitied thy despair.
For His people there remaineth
Rest and peace eternally,
Where the light of joy ne'er waneth,
“ Dinna weary, bide a wee.”

A SERMON.

G OING to church this morning, Helen ?
Mamma thinks we ought to go.

But that prosy parson preaches ;—

I shall go to sleep, I know.

After Kingsley's thrilling sermons,

Think of settling calmly down
To the “ dry-as-dust ” discourses

One hears in this dull, old town.

Never heard St. Ive's new curate ?

Oh, how much you've missed, dear girl !

While he's speaking one seems standing

Very near the Gates of Pearl ;

And he looks just like an angel

In his gown ;—he's quite too good
For (I cannot think who wrote it)

“ Human nature's daily food.”

Yes, his people all adore him.

Only think : last Christmas-day

Forty pairs of lovely slippers

To his study found their way ;

Costly knickknacks, scores of foot-rests,
Pictures, books, and easy-chairs,—
“Traps enough,” his “Boots” told Dennis.
“To have stocked a dozen fairs.”

He’s a hero; braver never
Graced King Arthur’s Table Round;
No respecter he of persons—
Every heart he seems to sound.
Once “Thou shalt not steal” his text was:
“Few,” he said, “alas, how few
Keep this law! Let conscience answer,
Are you honest? Are you true?

“Steal’s an ugly word, I grant you.
Well, ‘defraud not’ means the same.
How we hate to give our foibles,
As we call them, their just name.
Guiltless—are you? Have you never
Smuggled broadcloth, satins, furs?”
I thought of my Alexandrines,—
Mrs. Upton glanced at hers.

“Did you pay each dollar duty
On your velvets, silks, and lace ?”
Great sensation ! Breathless silence,
Eloquent was every face.
Belle Brown brought her Paris dresses
Over in a “crooked” way ;
Kate Clyde, too, her gloves and stockings
And exquisite *lingerie*.

After church we talked it over,—
Vowed that we would never more
Cheat those prying, pert inspectors ;—
Why, it seemed a joke before.
“Carriage waiting.” Well, I’ll tell you
Of another, on the way,
Just as stirring,—how I wish, dear,
We could hear him preach to-day.

TWO AUTUMN DAYS.

ALL day in gusty showers, I saw the leaves
Swept eddying downward to the rain-soaked
sod ;

I saw upon the uplands tented sheaves,
And, by the roadside, wind-tossed golden rod.

Above, the sullen sky frowned loweringly,
Close-curtained, not the smallest patch of blue—
A hint of brighter morrow—could I see,
No gleam of silver lining peeping through.

And bitterly I thought, How like my life
Is this bleak day ! Hope's tree is lifeless, bare ;
Its empty arms are tossed in useless strife
With fate, and sighing vainly, spare, O, spare !

Yet when the forest banners were unfurled,
And fluttered in the balmy breeze of June,
I too was gay, all perfect seemed the world,
And my glad heart with nature's beat in tune.

But in one day I saw the flowers of trust,—

Flowers kindly tended and kept fresh by tears
Of fond remembrance, trampled in the dust,
And dying with the faith of long, sad years.

Oh, 'twas a cruel blow, for well-loved hands

Had dealt it—and I stood despairingly,
Too faint to cry for aid, as one who stands
Helpless on sinking ship, far out at sea.

I could not weep, I could not even pray :

My stricken heart cried, Where is now thy God ?
What hast thou done, that He on thee should lay
As in fierce anger, thus the chastening rod ?

Thou call'st Him Heavenly Father, Lord of Love ;

Would an all-powerful, earthly parent send
Sorrow on sorrow ? Lo, thy trust doth prove
All unavailing, on thyself depend.

And long I bore my burden sore alone,

I could not say “ Thy will, not mine, be done.”
Unceasingly my aching heart made moan
Through the long day, from dawn to set of sun.

Oft in the silent watches of the night
The "still, small voice" spake gently, tenderly,
"Trust me, my child, in time will come the light,
And in this grief a blessing thou shalt see."

Humbled at last, I bowed in prayer my head
And cried, "O, Saviour, take again my hand;
Through starless deserts long my path hath led,
My weary feet pressed only shifting sand.

"Alone I cannot tread life's thorn-set road,
I need Thine arm to stay, Thy voice to guide;
Take all I have, but keep me, O my God,
A trusting child, forever near Thy side."

Then straightway came the Comforter to me,
The troubled waters of my soul were stilled,
The wondrous power that calmed deep Galilee
With perfect peace my restless spirit filled.

Soon was the meaning of my sorrow plain,
I found a blessing what I deemed a cross,
And owned with glad surprise the richest gain
Where I had counted bitter, hopeless loss.

And when next year, 'mid fields of waving grain,
I saw the reapers binding golden sheaves,
When southward fled the swallows, and again
'Neath Autumn's kiss blushed crimson all the
leaves,

I gave glad thanks, for God my life had crowned,
Like to the year, with fair fruition. Blest
With His kind smile, like Heaven, this earth is
found
In every season. Yes, He knoweth best.

CONTRADICTION.

OVER the purple hills,
On through the dewy dale,
Softly the twilight steals,
Clad in her misty veil ;
Dead is the after-glow ;
Fair on the brow of night
Gleameth the moon ; below
Mirrors the lake her light.

Creeping o'er clovered leas,
Stealing through boughs abloom,
Bloweth a gentle breeze
Laden with rich perfume.
Sweetly adown the dell
Floateth a lightsome lay ;
Katydid, hush ! and tell—
Rideth my love that way ?

Close by the ivied tower,
Weaving sweet dreams, I wait,
Wearing his favorite flower ;
Yet when he ope's the gate

I shall be cold and shy ;
The buds aside I'll throw,
And wish he would pass by,
Though I should weep, I know.

The robe he praised I wear,
A simple gown of white ;
I've bound my shining hair
With sprays of myrtle bright.
O, heart ! he is anear ;
In haste I turn aside,
Albeit I love him dear,
Dearer than all beside,

FALLEN STARS.

BEFORE the window little Mamie stood
In night-robe white—her dimpled feet abare,
Waiting in quiet, reverential mood,
While sister Annie lisped her evening prayer.

The smiling moon sailed slowly up the sky,
And just above the gray horizon's bar
Beamed down upon the earth, with golden eye,
Twinkling and bright, a solitary star.

“The heavens declare God’s glory,”—from my heart
These words of praise o’erflowed my lips in
speech :
How great, I thought, if this be only part
The glory unrevealed, we hope to reach,

Childhood’s sweet, simple prayers had each been
said ;
Still I sat musing in the gathering gloom ;
Upon my knee had dropped the golden head,
When sudden plaintive sobbing filled the room.

"Mamie," I called, and hastened to her side,
With eager questions, filled with anxious fear;
"Not ill—then tell me why my darling cried?
"Not hurt—what *is* the matter—tell me, dear?"

"I cried because the naughty mamma moon
Has left the little, tiny baby star,
And gone away into the sky alone,
So high, so very high, and oh, so far."

Quick to my eyes, warm tears responsive welled;
Close to my heart I pressed the sad, sweet face,
Giving glad thanks that in my arms I held
My fair, twin stars in tender, safe embrace.

I thought how many "wandering stars" to-night
Are far away from mother-love and care,
How many fallen—once as pure and bright
As these my treasures—innocent and fair.

"Who is sufficient?" Vain is human power
Alone to keep the wolf outside the fold;
The strong are weak in dark temptation's hour,
The "old, old story" all in vain is told.

Alas, those straying ones ! How little they
Who ne'er have stood alone can understand
How hard life's battle is from day to day,
What cunning snares are set on every hand.

Poor, lonely souls, to whom the lamps of heaven
Bring only thoughts of dread, remorse, and shame ;
Have we, their sisters, " to whom much is given,"
Done all we might to rescue and reclaim ?

We give of our abundance, clothing, food,
We counsel, warn, read sermons, proffer tracts,
And deem such heartless service doing good,
Forgetful it the " one thing needful " lacks—

The spirit of the Master. While we stand
Clad in self-righteousness to preach and pray,
Yet shrink to touch with ours the outcast's hand,
Or one kiss on a branded forehead lay.

How can they trust in God the Father's love,
His power to cleanse the vilest from all sin,
When by our deeds our fair words we disprove ?
We doubt them, and we fear to take one in.

And they go forth once more, we know not where ;
Perhaps to fall again a helpless prey ;
Sin's heavy burdens all alone to bear,
Alone to struggle up the “narrow way.”

Yet Christ hath said, “If for the least of these
Ye have done aught it hath been as for me ;”
Each fallen star His eye with pity sees,
Each straying sheep He seeketh tirelessly.

Unseen, the Shepherd walketh by our side,
How dare we, then, in thought, even, “cast a
stone” ?
Beneath the Pharisaic robe of pride
His eye doth pierce, all hearts to Him are known.

RETURNED.

DROOPING lilacs, nod and sway
All your fragrant purple plumes ;
Robins, sing your sweetest lay
'Mid the dainty apple-blooms ;
Golden sunshine, flowerets rare,
Shine and blossom bright, I pray ;
Smile, O sky, O winds, blow fair—
For my lover comes to-day.

Comes from sailing o'er the main
Back to wed his promised bride ;
From the casement once again
Shall I see his swift bark glide
Up the silver-crested bay,
Where the ripples dance and gleam
Till beneath the sunlight they
Waves of liquid silver seem.

Just one little year ago
Since we parted on the strand ;
Then as now, like perfumed snow,
Blossoms strewed the meadow-land ;

Earth had donned her robe of green,
Daisy-broidered, gemmed with gold
Ah, how like a troubled dream
Seem the months that since have rolled.

Hasten, darling, o'er the sea,
For to-day is due thy vow ;
“Love,” you whispered, “look for me
When upon the crimson bough
Of the maple bluebirds sing,
When the swallows ’neath the eaves
Ivy-crowned, are twittering,
And the zephyrs woo the leaves.

Drooping lilacs, nod and sway
All your fragrant purple plumes ;
Robins, sing your sweetest lay
'Mid the dainty apple-blooms ;
For my own true lover now
Clasps me closely to his heart,
Whispers, kissing lips and brow,
“Darling, mine, no more we part.”

ST. ELMO.

ONE summer Sabbath Grandma Gordon bent
In reverent meditation o'er the Book,
Wherein she found the wondrous balm which lent
Her placid face its gentle, happy look.

The day to her was truly God's own day,
Kept unprofaned from taint of worldly things ;
Tabooed were novels, journals,—papers lay
Untouched. The rustling faint of angels' wings

At eventide, in fancy, we could hear,
When at the household altar low we bowed ;
So heavenly round her seemed the atmosphere,
We scarcely dared to speak our thoughts aloud.

Stretched out upon the lounge lay brother Rex,
Weary of brooding over "Guthrie's Life;"
I pondered o'er the problems which perplex
Each human heart with endless mystery rife.

Half hidden by the curtains Katie sat
Curled, kitten-like, upon an easy chair,
On book intent,—near her upon the mat
Old Nestor crouched, with watchful, serious air.

At length a voice the solemn stillness broke—
Rex, boy-like, craved yet more than “food for
thought”—
From her sweet reverie grandmamma awoke,
And Katie’s face her loving eyes first sought.

Smiling, she kindly said, “I’m pleased, my dear,
To see such eager interest in your book ;
Heed Wisdom’s voice whene’er she calls and hear.”
Kate listened with a roguish, guilty look.

“ What is the title, darling ? ” The reply
Came prompt, “ St. Elmo.” I look up amazed.
“ The name seems strange,” said grandma, with a
sigh.
“ Ah, how my memory fails, but, Heaven be
praised.

“ Each saintly life will strengthen hope and faith
In one’s own heart,—read all, dear, pass by none.”
Rex coughed and vanished, while I held my breath,
And wicked Katie read demurely on.

IN MEMORIAM.

DAVID DE VEAUX ALTMAN.

DEAD, with the dew still fresh upon the flowers
Which made life's pathway sweet,
His sun gone down in the bright morning hours,
Its glory incomplete.

Gone, swift as rosy dawn, as flowerets rare,
As even's glowing gold,
A story ended, closed the volume fair,
With all the best untold.

Dead, as when dies a glad, exultant song
Ere yet the sweetest strain
Is reached,—with eager ears we wait and long,
No sound floats back again.

A father crieth, as King David cried
Of old, “ My son ! my son !
My son, would God that I for thee had died !
My hope, my only one.

“ My darling boy ! I seek him everywhere,
 I *cannot* deem him dead,
I seem to hear in chamber, hall, on stair,
 His voice, his buoyant tread.

“ Light of mine eyes ; long had I hoped on thee
 To lean when age came on.
Yet I am left, a bowed and stricken tree,
 And thou, my staff art gone ! ”

A tender mother mourns for him, her pride,
 Crown of her womanhood.
Strong, generous, brave, he grew up by her side
 With every grace imbued.

With mother-love she read the coming years,
 And saw a proud place won
By him o'er whom she weepeth hopeless tears,
 Her happy dreaming done.

A loving sister calls with aching heart,
 “ O, brother, come again ;
Had'st thou but said ‘ good-by ’ ere we did part,
 Less bitter were our pain.

“ But O, to have no kiss, no clasp of hand,
 No glance from thy blue eyes,
Nor slightest gesture love could understand,—
 No last, fond word to prize.”

Sore stricken hearts, how can I comfort ye ;
 Alas, too well I feel
The kindest words must seem but mockery
 And wound, where meant to heal.

Yet O, believe, Our Father knoweth best,—
 He giveth soonest sleep
To his belovéd, happy, peaceful rest ;
 They do not wake to weep.

The angels called him, ere his young white soul
 Was smirched by stain of sin.
His race is ended,—he hath reached the goal ;
 And, when ye enter in

Triumphant through the gates with jubilant song,
 The loved and lost shall be
First in that wondrous bright, angelic throng,
 To meet and welcome ye.

COMFORT.

THOUGH many flowers have faded from my life,
And clouds obscure the brightness of its sky,
Though still amid the turmoil and the strife

I must toil onward, as the days go by ;
O, loving Father ! I can lift to Thee
Grateful thanksgiving, and the voice of praise,
A harvest fair of blessings, unto me
Thy love hath given, lo, these many days.

Oft have I questioned with the poet old,—
“ Doth God exact day labor light denied ? ”
Must they whose lives are sad, and dark, and cold,
Work bravely on, peaceful and satisfied ?
Can I make others glad, when no bird sings
Within the bloomless garden of my heart ?
And self-forgetting lead to better things
Those who in deeper shadows dwell apart ?

This have I learned, we can do much to make
Our lives a blessing, and our words a power,
If what we find to do for Christ's dear sake
We do with faithfulness, from hour to hour.
The wondrous story loved by old and young
Was penned by Bunyan in a prison cell,
In banishment the great-souled Danté sung
His grand, prophetic strain of Heaven and Hell.

And still their name is legion who have wrought
Steadfast and calm, bereft of earthly cheer ;
Songs in the night by angels have been taught,
Which wakeful, praying souls alone could hear.
Thus thinking on these things my heart grows strong,
And I walk nearer to my heavenly guide
And bless Him for the joys I have,—ere long
“ Beyond the veil,” I shall be satisfied.

GOOD-BY.

GOOD-BY ! I cannot speak it, love, to thee,
That saddest of all words ; my quick tears
flow

At thought of parting ; life would sunless be
Without thee ; nay, I cannot bid thee go.

I know that by thy side Hope smiling stands,
Painting a future fair and bright to thee—
Fame, fortune, waiting in the golden lands
That lie afar, beyond the glittering sea.

Could'st thou be free from ill through all the years
We must be severed, ere fruition come
To thy sweet dreams, I'd smile e'en through my
tears,
And bid thee go, win power and wealth and fame.

But, ah, I cannot pierce the mystic veil
Which darkly shrouds the future from my sight,
And I would weep, and long for thee by day
And dream of dangers round thee in the night.

Even now, I think how many proud, young heads
Are lying low, beneath the shining sand ;
How many vessels bearing brave, young hearts,
Have sailed, but never, never reached the land.

O, darling, think what it would be to die,
To yield up hope, and love, and life, alone ;
Unwept o'er, in a nameless grave to lie,
From friends afar, uncared for and unknown.

Would strangers tenderly across thy breast
Fold these dear hands, and from thy brow, when
cold,
Smooth the dark locks I have so oft caressed,
With tender touch, in the blest days of old ?

Will careless watchers see the last soul-ray
Die from the eyes now looking into mine ?
Nay, I read in them that thy lips will say
Farewell Ambition, Love, the victory's thine !

O, chide me not, mine may be needless fears,
Fate might be kind, and smile, beloved, on thee ;
But, ah, remember, years, long weary years,
Must pass ere thou could'st come again to me.

I could not climb life's rugged mountain side
Without thy strong right arm to lean upon ;
I could not stem the waves of sorrow's tide
Without thy voice and smile to cheer me on.

O, what is gold, or rank, or power to me ?
They will not satisfy an aching heart :
And wanting love, how cold the world would be,
How desolate—with all its show and art.

I love thee, darling, more than I can tell,
All else I could yield up ; but thee, ah, no,
Not e'en when dying shall I say farewell,
Sweetheart, sweetheart, I cannot bid thee go !

TIRED TO DEATH.

O H, Marie, come quickly and take off my shoes ;
Now, bring my white *peignoir*, and let down
my hair ;
I'm tired to death ! Grace, you must excuse
Me to Alice and Captain Bellair.
Not a moment of rest all this day have I had
Since my coffee was brought me at ten,
With the papers. Each item of interest I read :
By the way, I'm disgusted with men !
A second Maud Muller young Moneyworth's wed,
When he might—but no matter—and then
An hour was spent dressing,—a letter I wrote
To Bell Breeze—she's a love of a girl !
Drove to Russell's—was fitted—then penned a sweet
note
To Fred Fairleigh : that card case of pearl
He sent me—a bet on the races last week.
Yes, archery *is* quite the rage :
A cute polo pony's my very last freak—
I'll never fall back of the age.

Had breakfast at one ; then a short nap I took ;

Read Daniel Deronda till three ;

I must say it's tedious—not my style of book—

George Eliot's too solid for me.

Now, Southworth and Flemming are just to my taste,

And French novels are quite *au fait*.

Kate Norris called next—oh, how tight she was laced,

And I'm sure she was painted to-day.

While we talked, Clara Alden rushed in with a gush,

I thought she would strangle me quite ;

Her brother is charming, you know, dear, don't blush—

I saw that flirtation last night.

Next Mordant dropt in—he's a donkey ; but then

He's worth a cool million or more !

Ma thinks him the nicest and wisest of men—

To me he's a horrible bore.

But I don't mean to snub him ; his T-cart and drag
Are the most stunning turn-outs I've seen ;
While driving to-day, we met Marion Flagg,
And with envy she fairly turned green.
One cannot well blame her, he is such a catch,
And the poor girl is growing *passe*.
How she has manœuvred to make a good match !
What ! Grace, six o'clock, did you say ?
Why, I must be dressing ; at seven we dine
At Delmonico's. What shall I wear ?
The German at Granger's commences at nine—
Shall I bang, friz or scallop my hair ?
How frightful to think I've not a new dress ;
I'm sure I appeared at least twice,
While at Newport, in each of the robes I possess.
My white mull—do you think that is nice ?
Come, Marie, make haste, you are always so slow—
I wish I had time to take breath ;
Well, darling, good-bye ! if you really *must* go.
Thank goodness ! I'm tired to death.

GAGE D'AMOUR.

THERE came to me a little page one day,
In livery of red, and green and gold,—

He uttered not a word;

Not e'en a sigh I heard;

And yet his message sweet, to me he told,—
A greeting from my lover far away.

A white-winged dove had borne my dainty page
O'er hill and dale, across the wide, blue sea,

I kissed him o'er and o'er—

'Twas but a leaf,—no more,—

From Autumn's crown, my love had sent to me,—
Topaz with rubies set, a true knight's gage.

CHRISTMAS.

O, Merry Christmas smiles again !
Day brightest in the year,
And happy greetings fill the air
Re-echoing far and near.
Let Yule logs blaze, and every home
Be decked with holly gay.
Without, within, all should be fair
On this the children's day.

How many feet adown the stair
Were flying 'ere the light,
To where the stockings in a row
Were hung with hope last night ?
How many youthful hearts beat high,
When full and brimming o'er
With Santa's gifts their own they found ?
Bliss !—earth could give no more.

To-day, each grandsire will grow young
To share the joyous glee
Of laughing girls and merry boys,
That gather round his knee,
And grandmamma live o'er again
The time so long ago,
When saucy Harry kissed her first,
Beneath the mistletoe.

And in a thousand homes to-day
The story will be told—
The wondrous story, ever new,
Albeit ages old—
Of the blest Babe at Bethlehem born
Long centuries ago,
The “King of Kings,” from Heaven sent,
To save the world from woe.

And of the anthem, angel-voiced,
That filled the midnight sky—
“Peace and good-will to men on earth;
Glory to God on high,—”
Of three wise men that came from far;—
The star that led their way
By hill and plain, until it shone
O'er where the young child lay.

Alas ! how many ne'er have heard
The tidings strange and glad ;
Who grope through life uncheered by hope,
Unloved, uncared for, sad.
Let us remember those who have
No joy in earth or Heaven,
And give to-day of our good cheer,
As God to us hath given.

ONE LESS TO-NIGHT.

HERE she stood beneath the mantel
Just a year ago to-night,
With her smiling face uplifted,
Cheeks aglow, and blue eyes bright,
Holding up a little stocking ;
While her sweet voice eagerly
Pleaded “Won’t you hang it, mamma,
Where old Santa Claus can see ?”

Lone I sit by dying embers,
Christmas eve has come and gone ;
And the bell in yonder steeple
Slowly tolls the hour of one.
One—my heart re-echoes sadly,
Two were here one year ago ;
By my side my boy lies dreaming,
She is sleeping ’neath the snow.

Here, with dimpled hands close folded,
Did she lisp her evening prayer,
But no white-robed form now kneeleth
By the tiny, vacant chair.
Once for all the red lips murmured,
“Now I lay me down to sleep,”
And the blue eyes closed forever
In a slumber, dreamless, deep.

Morn, and noon, and night, we miss her,
Listening often, all in vain,
For the sound of coming footsteps
We shall never hear again.
Little feet the loving Saviour
Early through the Pearly Gate
Led them, knowing in life’s journey
Thorns must wound them, soon or late.

Oh! the loneliness and sorrow
In our hearts and in our home,
When we know on no “to-morrow”
Will our absent darling come!
Why this cross? we grieving question,
God, who took our idol, knew
If our “treasure” were in Heaven
We would long to follow too.

And we know to-night she's singing
In the palace of the King—
Once the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem—
And our fond hearts ever cling
To our loved one—yet this morning
Through our blinding tears we smiled,
Saying, while we wreathed her picture,
“It is well” with our sweet child.

ANOTHER YEAR.

IN my Book of Life, leaf after leaf
The Master's hand turned o'er
E'en to the last, while I in grief
 Stood trembling, weeping sore,
Thinking how marred, and dark with blots
 Was every page my tears
Had washed in vain, to cleanse the spots
 From the record of the years.

In dread I waited the just rebuke,
 And bowed in shame my head;
But, gently my hand in His own He took,—
 “ Fear not, my child,” He said ;
“ I will not chide—see, free from stain,
 Another page, pure, fair,
Before thee lies, try yet again,
 Write good deeds, true words there.”

Upward I looked, the touch, the tone
So tender, moved my heart
To thank and bless Him, but alone
I stood with lips apart
Thrilling with words unsaid,—my eyes
Saw not the face Divine ;
But the golden stars in the purple skies,
And I heard the church bells chime.

Solemn and slow the midnight hour
They pealed, then, loud and clear,
Rang merrily out, from every tower
To greet the glad New Year.
And I knew but a dream was my vision bright,
Yet its meaning came to me
Like the welcome gleam of a beacon light
To the mariner far at sea.

When the clock struck ten, two hours before,
From a merry group I sped
Alone, to my chamber, and closed the door,
Then each penned page I read
Of my diary small, to the very last,—
And all were stained and wet
With bitter tears, for the vanished past
I grieved, with vain regret.

“Twelve months,” I wailed, “have flown away—

 Ah, me! how swift they went,
And I cannot recall a single day
 Of the many lost, misspent.”
Then low I knelt on the window-seat
 To pray,—for God more nigh
Did seem (so ran my fancy sweet),—
 Could I but see the sky.

There like a child myself to sleep
 I sobbed, and the vision bright
Shone softly through my slumber deep,
 And my sorrow put to flight,
For it seemed as if on my list’ning ear
 Those pleading words, for me
Fell, “Father! yet another year
 Spare thou, oh, spare this tree!”

To all, God gives the Book of Life
 A pure, white page turned o'er:—
O, let us wage a ceaseless strife,
 And fight as ne'er before
For the glorious prize, the victor's crown,
 Glad when the goal is won
At the Master's feet to cast it down,
 And hear his sweet, “Well done.”

SNOW.

FROM frost-kissed, fern-traced window
I watch the fleecy snow
So softly faltering downward
To clothe the earth below ;
Flakelet on flakelet falling,
Pure as the soul of a child,
Fairer than lily chalice,
Stainless and undefiled.

Crowning each cot and mansion,
Shrouding the long, dark street,—
White as the glistening foam-bells,
Noiseless as fairy feet,—
Draping the leafless branches,
Gemming with pearls each spray,
Bringing a dream of blossoms,
And sunny fragrant May,—

Each tiny star's a jewel
Graven by God's own hand,
Bearing a mystic signet,
Seal of a King's command,
Lighting alike on lowly
And men of high degree—
Ten thousand thousand preachers
Of purity are ye.

Snow, spotless snow, fit emblem
Of every heart e'er sin
The spirit's shrine profaneth,
And evil reigns within.
Who hath a stainless tablet ?
Yet if to God we go,
“ Though red our sins like scarlet,
They shall be white as snow.”

EDITH BELL.

I AM dreaming, Edith Bell,
 Of youth's happy hours and thee ;
Ocean waves between us swell,
 Yet thou seemest near to me.
Mist-like fade the long, lone years
 Fled since we a last farewell
Mutely looked, through blinding tears—
 Parted hopeless, Edith Bell.

Round my heart, dear Edith Bell,
 Sad, sweet memories cluster fast ;
Chaining me in fancy's spell,
 Bringing back the sunny past
Ere we trod earth's thorny ways,
 Ere life's shadows on us fell—
Childhood's careless, cloudless days,
 Fair and fleeting, Edith Bell.

Of the Summers, Edith Bell,
When we wandered by the sea,
Building castles, shell on shell,
Launched our tiny bark with glee,
Roamed by hazel-skirted streams,
Gathered berries in the dell ;
One long feast of golden dreams
Seemed our life then, Edith Bell.

Winter days, sweet Edith Bell,
Ne'er to us seemed dark or drear ;
How we loved when twilight fell,
Grandma's wondrous tales to hear
Of grim ghosts, or fairies bright,
Brownie's help, or witches' spell,
Wailing banshee, evil sprite,
Never doubting, Edith Bell !

Time sped onward, Edith Bell,
Brought me sorrow, toil, and care ;
But no shadow seemed to dwell
On your life, 'twas glad and fair
As the future we had planned
Mid the gowans, in the dell,
Where we sat, hand clasped in hand—
Twas our Eden, Edith Bell.

Dost remember, Edith Bell,
When the last time there we met ?
Could we e'er such woe foretell ?
Can we e'er such grief forget ?
Still your words ring out to me,
Softer, then, were thy death-knell,
“ In the morn a bride you’d be—
Lady Lisle,” *my* Edith Bell !

Love was conquered, Edith Bell,
By ambition, and the fear
Of a father’s curse. Too well
Had I loved, and still more dear
Than my life art thou to me :
Weary years, nor death, can quell
Love’s fire kindled but by thee,
In my heart, dear Edith Bell.

Snow-white now, sweet Edith Bell,
Say they, is thy raven hair ;
Lines of care and sorrow dwell
On the brow, lang-syne so fair ;
But no change my heart can see,
So I heed not what they tell ;
Thou art ever young to me,
Ever bonnie, Edith Bell.

TO A PORTRAIT.

O RARE ideal face which long in vain
Throughout the world I sought, until with
pain—

The bitter pain of finding idols clay,
Of gathering fair, false, dead sea fruit alway—
Heart-weary I the useless quest gave o'er,
E'en as an exile on a foreign shore
Scans with an eager gaze each passing face,
Remembering one with lines of tender grace ;
Yet as long years roll by and all hope dies,
With lagging steps he walks, and downcast eyes.
And thus, unheeding, I moved on life's way
With listless air,—nor features grave nor gay
Enchained my gaze,—until (like heaven earth
seemed

That golden morn) the face of which I'd dreamed
By day, by night, I found,—and claimed thee mine,—
My true soul mate, as I, beloved, am thine.

“AFTER MANY DAYS.”

MUSING I sat one dismal, cheerless day, —
Suffering and sorrowful, with hopeless eyes
Fixed on the ground, as if below there lay
Some dark abyss, from which all troubles rise.

Few hearts are unimpressed by Nature's mood;
When she doth frown and weep, sad memories
wake,
And even youth's day-dreams are sombre-hued,
Life seems a mystery deep, or sad mistake.

Strange, when the gloom of sorrow's night comes on,
Straight we forget the dewy, radiant morns—
Strange, when the beauty of a rose is gone,
Most often comes remembrance of its thorns.

As darker grew the day, with darker lines
I sketched each picture from life-scenes long past;
Dark cypress trees and ever-sighing pines
Formed every background, and weird shadows
cast,

Shadows that hid the sunny slopes from sight,
And fair mist-mantled hills that lay beyond,
The emerald meadows starred with daisies white,
The fleets of lilies anchored in the pond.

I passed all by, and came to Memory's grave—
Alas, though I had made it wide and deep,
Though flowers bloom o'er her, and long grasses
wave,
She stirreth often, whispering in her sleep.

Like ghosts old griefs and wrongs from out the Past
Through my soul's chambers flitted one by one,
And o'er my life a heavy pall seemed cast,
Nor star of hope shone out, nor gleam of sun.

How like to children are we!—when afraid,
In doubt or anguish, to the Father's face
We wistful look, as mutely asking aid;
Thus I looked up to pray for help and grace.

And lo, it seemed as if an unseen hand
Had traced again a message on the wall
In speech I could not fail to understand.
No prophecy of some great city's fall,

But a sweet promise kindling hope anew,
"God is our refuge and our strength,"—twice o'er.
I read the precious words, and felt them true,
And sweeter seemed they then than e'er before.

For little hands this motto worked for me
With loving care, ere they grew still and cold;
And oft a childish voice read solemnly
The sweet assurance from the Book so old.

And through my tears, with grateful heart, I said,
"O Lord, how wondrous are Thy works and ways;"
Upon the waters once I cast my bread,
And lo, I find it "after many days."

ANSWERED.

FORGOTTEN ?—darling, nay, I love thee still
With all the fervor of the olden days ;
As then, imperial o'er my heart and will
Thou reignest, crowned with never-fading bays.

Why ask if in the windows of my soul
A rival's eyes now read the secret sweet
Thine own have conned, as from an open scroll,
So oft, in happy hours, alas, too fleet ?

O my beloved ! what need have I to tell
That absence makes thee only still more dear ?
Life is not life without thee, ah,—too well
Thou knowest how I long to have thee near.

Miss thee ?—would Earth not miss the King of Day,
Did fair Aurora cease at morn to fold
The rose-lined curtains of his tent away,
And lead him forth, in robes of gleaming gold ?

O ! dark as death seem all the leaden hours
Which must be numbered ere thy face I see ;
As summer rain to drooping, dying flowers,
So will thy coming be, dear one, to me.

My king of men ! I love, aye, worship thee,
And oft I pray, Lord, be my sin forgiven,
If sin it be, to love so tenderly
Him in whose presence Earth seems like to
Heaven.

“ YET A LITTLE WHILE.”

B^{EYOND} the clouds smiles the clear blue sky,
And the sun will shine when the storm
blows by.

In the frost-bound earth through the winter lay
The flowers that in beauty bloom to-day,

And soon from the buds on the bare brown trees,
Will banners of green be unfurled to the breeze.

Cloud, flower, and leaf, ye are teachers three
Of the many my Father hath given to me.

The lesson ye teach I can understand ;
To me 'tis as rain to the thirsty land.

I know that the sunlight will gild my sky,
In the sweet, mysterious “ by-and-by ; ”

And from chilly realms of dark despair,
Will spring Hope's blossoms fresh and fair.

Then my heart will thrill like a wind-kissed leaf,
Though it fainteth now 'neath a weight of grief.

Oh, Thou who dost clothe the lilies fair,
In light or in shade may I feel Thee near ;

May my faith burn bright and my love be strong,
Though the tempest rage, and the night be long.

Help me to work while 'tis yet to-day—
Ere the twilight falleth cold and gray ;

Help me with careful hand to sow
Good seeds from whose germs no tares may grow.

May the Lord of the harvest upon me smile,
When he cometh to reap in “ a little while.”

EASTER SONG.

B^LITHE heralds of the Spring break into singing,

Warble your sweetest, merriest notes to-day ;
Peal out, glad bells, the joyful tidings ringing,
Christ hath arisen, the stone is rolled away !

Haste, laughing brooklet, tell it to the river,
O hasten, river, sing it to the sea ;
Chant the grand anthem to the shore forever,
Wild waves of ocean—shout it ceaselessly.

Smile, mother Earth, thy richest treasures proffer,
Thy lovely, first-born darlings pure and fair,
And bid them from a myriad censers offer
The sweetest incense, like a voiceless prayer.

Rejoice, rejoice, all things in Earth and Heaven !
Bless the Redeemer with united breath ;
Glory and praise be to the victor given,
Jesus hath triumphed over sin and death !

Rejoice all nations ! Christ our Saviour liveth
To help the weak, to raise up those who fall ;
Joy passing knowledge, lasting peace He giveth,
Love, rest, eternal life, offers He to all.

Meet are our offerings, meet our adoration,
Dear Mediator, all we owe to Thee ;
“ O, wondrous love, which purchased our salvation,”
This be our song, throughout eternity !

MY LOVE.

A HALO bright of golden hair
Doth crown her royally;
Her low, broad brow is white as foam
Upon a stormy sea.
Like open violets gemmed with dew
Her laughing, soul-lit eyes,
Serene and clear and deeply blue
As cloudless summer skies;
And bright they beam as fair twin stars
Through rifted cloud when night
Has donned her trailing, sable robes,
And veiled the moon from sight.

Her lips are like to coral wet
By kiss of rippling waves,
Less faultless than her teeth the pearls
That gleam in ocean caves.
Her cheeks have caught the faint, sweet smile,
Of rosebuds ere they blow,

And fair her dainty, dimpled chin
As freshly-fallen snow.

Soft is her winning voice, and clear
As sound of woodland streams,
A voice that ever haunts me, sweet
As music heard in dreams.

Like lilies are her little hands,
In fancy even now
I feel, O bliss ! their soft, pink palms
Like rose leaves touch my brow ;
And falleth on mine ear a sound,
Of all sweet sounds most sweet,
The coming footsteps, light and low,
Of dancing, fairy feet.
My love, my life ! how thrills my heart
With joy unfelt, unknown,
Ere Heaven had sent thee to my side,
My peerless one, my own !

AT PARTING.

B^{EFORE} we said farewell, upon my hand
He pressed two kisses, tenderly and slow ;
The first fell just below this golden band
(His pledge of troth), here, where the blue veins
show.

The second kiss he folded in my palm,
Saying the while, “ My darling, ne’er forget
That thus I seal thee mine, in storm and calm,
Come weal, come woe, until life’s sun shall set.

“ O, love of mine ! I consecrate these hands
To noble deeds, to Christ-like ministry,
Ready for harvesting the world’s field stands,
Go forth to reap, the Master needeth thee.”

A third kiss on my brow he fondly pressed,
And said, “ Dear, keep thy thoughts as pure as
snow,”
Then in a rain on lips and eyes the rest
Fell passionately, while he whispered low,

“ My own, my own, from these sweet lips and eyes
Let Truth’s white soul speak out; thou canst not
tell
How many hopeless souls up to the skies
Thy faithfulness may lift from Doubt’s dark hell.”

He went afar, a hero’s part to take
In life’s fierce battle; trustingly I pray,
And strive to reach great heights for his dear sake,
Knowing he’ll come again to me, some day.

When life seems hard, close to my aching brow
And tearful eyes I clasp caressingly
The hand he kissed. The memory of that vow,
And baptism of love, come back to me,

And I am glad, content and strong once more,
Grief spreads her sable wings and disappears.
I pray “ God bless my darling,” o’er and o’er,
And chide my weak heart for its foolish fears.

MY LADY.

SHE is not sedate and queenly,
Crowned with hair of ebon hue,
Not a fay with golden tresses
Shading eyes of heavenly blue ;
She is not an ideal airy,—
Dove or floweret, pearl or star,
Not an angel is my lady,
But a creature *dearer* far.

Just a little, laughing maiden,
Dusky-haired and hazel-eyed,
With a heart so filled with gladness,
Room remains for naught beside.
Fresh and pure as meadow daisy,
Ever gentle, loving, gay ;
Like a sunbeam from my spirit,
Chasing all the gloom away.

As I gladly hasten homeward,
When the busy day is o'er,
Comes to me the golden vision
 Of a bright face at the door ;
Round, white arms my neck encircling,
 Rosy lips pressed close to mine,
Breathing welcome ; ah, my lady,
 Face and arms and lips are thine !

Bright eyes dim and Time's rude finger
Changes e'en the fairest face,
Care and sorrows of a life-time
 Bow forms once erect with grace ;
But heart-beauty fadeth never,
 'Tis a loveliness divine,
And thou hast this priceless treasure
 Darling little lady mine !

A PENITENTIAL PRAYER.

O GOD, I lift my tearful eyes to Thee,
Hear Thou my prayer ;
For comfort, Lord, I cry, imploringly,—
My sorrow share.

Here at Thy feet, my wounded heart I lay,—
Thou wilt not spurn,
Though I have wandered from Thee far away,
Nor would return.

Though oft with patient love Thou didst beseech,
In wrath command,
I heeded not the lessons Thou wouldest teach,
I built on sand.

I sought with earthly love my soul to feed,
But all in vain,—
It left me famishing in hour of need,
And brought but pain.

Rending the veil that hid my inner life
From human eyes,
Revealed past failures, errors, sorrow, strife,—
In cold surprise.

Love, seeking for perfection, scornful turned
From me aside ;
The comfort, help, and strength for which I
yearned,
Were each denied.

Now, ever faithful Friend, to Thee I come ;
Dear Lord, forgive !
A weary wanderer returning home,
I pray receive.

An empty, undivided heart at last
I offer Thee,
O, seal it Thine,—my broken idols cast
Afar from me.

With willing feet I'll follow evermore
Where Thou dost lead ;
Thy love hath proven an exhaustless store
In hour of need.

Within the shelter of Thine arms alone
Is peace and rest ;
Dear, tender Saviour, gladly do I own
Thy love is best.

ACROSTIC.

H EAVEN'S richest blessings I would wish for
thee,

Ever unclouded may thy life-sky be ;
Love's firmest tendrils round thy heart entwine ;
Earnest and faithful friends be always thine ;
Nightly may angels guard thy slumbers sweet,
Leading by day aright thy careless feet.

And guiding thee where living waters flow
Close to the Shadowing Rock,—in grief or woe
Yield thou thy will to Christ, who loves thee so.
Free mayst thou ever be from pain and care,
And all thy years on earth be glad and fair,
Radiant as thy life's morning be the night ;
Glad thine awakening in the Land of Light,—
Over the river deep, where all is bright.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

GONE are the fair summer flowers ;
Lifeless and shrouded they lie ;
'Neath the bright-tinted leaves that in showers
Fall earthward to wither and die.

Gone are the sweet hopes we cherished,—
Faded and crushed by despair,
Like the frail, brilliant blossoms they perished,
And left us but sorrow and care.

Vanished, our best-loved and fairest
Gone to the “echoless shore ;”
Death culls first the buds that are rarest,—
Our sore hearts they gladden no more.

Sad thoughts that will come all unbidden
As daily the boughs barer grow,
While the blue and the silver are hidden
Above, and Earth tear-bathed below

Lies shivering, for Winter delayeth
The sheeny, white garment to bring
In which her cold form he arrayeth
Till crocus stars herald the Spring.

O, faithless!—Again in the shadow
Of dim woods, the violets their eyes
Will open, and daisies the meadows
Gem o'er, as the stars gem the skies.

Fair June will return crowned with roses,
When Nature, rich-robed like a queen,
Day by day rarer jewels discloses
Bedecking her raiment of green.

To hearts where no flower of hope bloweth,
Storm-tossed on the rough waves of grief,
Whose bitterness only God knoweth,
A lesson of hope and belief

These changes must teach. He who maketh
The sunshine to follow the rain,
Who speaks and the frozen earth waketh,
To smile in fresh beauty again,—

Thus ever His promise repeateth,
That after Death's winter is o'er,
A home for His loved ones awaiteth,
Where flowerets will bloom evermore.

JOHNNY'S LETTER.

DEAR Ned, your letter's come at last,
And Nelly's cockatoo,
Old Captain Cable brought them both.

'Twas pretty good of you
To write so much, when it's so hot ;
How jolly brown you'll be—
Just like a heathen Hottentot—
When you come back from sea !

I don't believe I'd care to hunt
In jungles,—at a show
I'm just as near a lion's jaws
As I would care to go.

Suppose the cannibals you saw
Had nothing left to eat ?
Phew ! they'd have built a fire, I'm sure,
And roasted you for meat.

We've all been down at Grandma Lee's,
And didn't we have fun !
We jumped the fences, climbed the trees,
And made the squirrels run ;
High on a load of hay we rode
With Jack and Uncle Nate ;
We hunted nests, and fed the chicks,
And swung upon the gate.

We fished and waded in the creek,
Shook apples off the trees—
(I ate so many I was sick)—
We chased the bumble bees ;
They stung poor Bobby on the nose,
And Katy in the eye ;
It made them look so very queer,
And oh, how they did cry !

Dick made believe he had a horse,
'Twas nothing but a rail ;
I tied the duster on behind,
It looked just like a tail ;
But he got tired, let go the rein,
And tumbled on a log,
Then when I ran to call nurse Jane
I fell across the dog.

I haven't got much more to say,
And I must go to school.
I missed my lesson yesterday,
I said "a little bull,"
When teacher asked what bullet meant—
Why shouldn't it be so
When streamlet means a little stream ?
That's what I'd like to know.

There goes the bell ! I must be off—
I 'most forgot to say
That Charley has the whooping-cough,
And Tom fell off a dray,
But 'cepting them we're all quite well ;
Good-by, remember now,
If you don't bring a monkey home
There'll be the biggest row.

THROUGH THE STORM.

LOUD wails the wind to-night,
And shudd'ring gusts of rain
Swept by the tempest's might
Dash 'gainst the window-pane.
High on the wreck-strewn shore
Breaketh an angry sea,
And mingled with its roar
Seem moans of agony.

Hark to the mournful dirge
It chanteth ceaselessly ;
To you the sobbing surge,—
A requiem to me,
O'er him who lieth deep
Beneath the foam-crowned waves,
Where tangled sea-weeds creep
O'er lonely, nameless graves.

On just as wild a night
My sailor brave was lost,
Went down, the cliffs in sight.
Upon the beach was tossed,
With broken mast and spar,
One splintered plank. A name
They read thereon,—*North Star.*
His bark had borne the same.

Adown the vista dim
Of vanished days, through tears
I gaze the while I trim
My lamp,—alight for years.
Again upon the shore
I stand, a happy bride,
With him whose ship no more
Will sail in with the tide.

And still it is aglow,
This hope in my sad heart.
Oft in the drear, dark night
I wake with joyful start.
His cheery voice I hear,
His smiling face I see,
Alas, the dreamlight fades,
And he comes not to me.

Wild winds, mad waves moan on,
Weep sullen, starless skies,
For me there breaks a dawn,
An endless day shall rise.
Far on the further shore,
Beyond life's troubled sea,
Where storms come nevermore,
My love awaiteth me."

MEMENTOS.

TWO half-worn shoes, a tress of soft brown hair,
A broken toy, torn book, and empty chair,
What memories they bring !

I hear once more the patter of his feet,
The merry laughter ringing clear and sweet,
And see him as of old about to spring
To my embrace,—forgetting, in my joy,
That in a fairer home, beyond the sky,
My nestling now doth sing.

Here is his little cot, the pillow soft
His wee head rested on so oft, so oft,
O, it does almost seem
I could again to mine his red lips press,
And feel his baby fingers' dear caress,
And see his dark eyes gleam ;
Alas, that little grave with grass o'ergrown,
“Our Darling” carved upon the marble stone,
Dispels my happy dream.

My beautiful, my precious one, in vain
I reach out empty arms, a thrill with pain,—

With love and longing time can never quell,
I cannot meekly kiss the chastening rod
Held o'er me by a just and pitying God,

My weak heart will rebel.

O Father ! with Thy peace my spirit fill,
Help me to say, submissive to Thy will,
“Thou doest all things well.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

PROFESSOR Squallitwelli stood one day,
Precisely as the clock was striking four,
At neighbor De Veneer's across the way,
And pulled the bell full seven times or more.

I wondered what the long delay could mean,
For at this hour each day the parlor blinds
Were opened, and Cecilia could be seen
And *heard*, but only cultivated minds
And ears could full appreciate the strains
Which woke the echoes many blocks around—
Shrieks as of one in purgatorial pains—
And oft I wished the singer underground
In some enchanted palace fast asleep
For fifty years to come, or 'neath the sea
In pearl-paved cavern of the briny deep,
Such as Jules Verne describeth knowingly.

The learned Professor turns at last,—when wide
The door is thrown. Before him doth appear
The fair Cecilia's father—at his side
She stands, her lovely face bedewed with tears.

Thus to the man of notes in wrath he spoke,
“ Begone, and cross my threshold never more ! ”
From stunned surprise the signor grave awoke
And questioned, “ Why thus spurn me from thy
door ? ”

“ Why ! Yester eve,” the angry parent said,
“ A carriage in hot haste through yonder gate
Was driven, then came shrieks would wake the
dead—

The bell rang furiously—I did not wait
The maid’s slow coming ; rushing down the stair,
In haste the door I opened, and I saw
Two men, who held a raving maniac there,
A woman in straight jacket. Mute with awe
I stood a moment, horrified, amazed,
Demanding, when at last my voice I found,
What meant this outrage ? Then on me they gazed
In turn indignant. One said, ‘ I’ll be bound
Here’s some mistake ; I thought ’twas rather grand—
Isn’t this a lunatic asylum ? ’ ‘ No ! ’
I thundered. Well, I hope you understand,
Your squalling here is ended,—now, sir, go ! ”

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

ALL o'er; in agony upon his grave
A last, fond look they cast, and leave him there
In dreamless rest,—their joy and pride,—to save
All unavailing proved their love and care.

Four days of desolation pass away,
Four nights of anguish, and they come once more
To deck his grave with flowers, to weep and pray
For one faint whisper from the farther shore.

'Tis all in vain,—nor voice, nor sigh replies;
With doubled sense of loss they turn away—
When, starting suddenly, the sister cries,
In joyful tones, "O, mother, mother, stay!"

And parting with her eager, trembling hands
The little spears of green upon the sod—
Behold, where pale and mute the mother stands,
Three blue forget-me-nots look up to God.

With eyes upraised to Heaven she spoke at last—
“The Lord hath seen our tears, and heard our
prayers ;
His angel hath these lovely blossoms cast,
Low at our feet, to bless us unawares.

“ To me they seem as fresh from Paradise,
And breathe their tender message lovingly.
O, flowerets sweet, so like my darling’s eyes,
A precious, priceless boon are ye to me !

“ To father, mother, sister, do ye bear
These words of fond remembrance ; and ye teach
Of Him who saith ‘Upon Me cast thy care,’
In silence far more eloquent than speech.

“ O, God, to Thee we lift our grateful prayer,
For Thou hast given consolation sweet;
Forget *us* not, dear Lord, our sorrow share,—
Lo, here we lay our burden at Thy feet.”

BENEATH THE PINES.

BENEATH the shadow of the pines
I stood long years ago,
Full sweet upon the breeze was borne
The river's distant flow,
But sweeter far to me the tale
My lover whispered low,
That moonlit night beneath the pines
So many years ago.

Beneath the shadow of the pines
Yet once again we met,
To part—perchance, no more to meet.
My heart can ne'er forget
That bitter pain : I did not know
That I had loved him so,
Until, alone, beneath the pines,
I stood, long years ago.

Beneath the shadow of the pines,
At eve I oft would stray
And dream of him, my soldier brave,
To weep and fondly pray
For that glad hour when laurel-crowned
With victory aglow,
He'd come to woo me 'neath the pines,
So many years ago !

Beneath the shadow of the pines
We stand again to-night,
With love unchanged—though o'er my brow
Are threads of silver white,
And light our hearts, as in the hours
We wandered to and fro
Beneath the shadow of the pines
So many years ago.

DECORATIVE ART.

FROM DICK'S POINT OF VIEW.

YES, I'm sick of it all ;
At every step I take,
In parlor, bedroom, hall,
It's "Dick, take care you'll break
That lovely plaque, I know ;"
They're at me all the time,
No matter where I go
'Tis just the same old rhyme.

I hate the latest styles.
They've carried off my rug,
And put in horrid tiles.
The queerest looking jug
Stands on the mantel shelf,
Beside a big blue cup ;
(Ma says they're rare old delf)
I'd like to smash them up !

Then over mother's bed
Is hung a monstrous owl—
The moon's behind its head.
A crane, or some odd fowl,
Is painted on a screen,
That stands the other side—
With dragons red and green,
And men all goggle-eyed,

Two butterflies, and things
Like grubs,—a yellow rose,
Fat baby boys with wings,
And hardly any clothes.
The parlor's full of stuff,
Lamps, urns, all kinds of ware,—
I think we have enough,—
Pa growls like any bear.

So many bills come in
For china, brushes, paint ;
I think it is a sin,
And would provoke a saint.
But no one seems to care,
They're buying all the time ;
It's anything but fair,
For I can't get a dime.

The girls and mother, too,
Keep talking night and day
Of crewels, patterns new
For doilys—*what* are they !
It's always “ Dick be still,”
“ You've spoiled my lovely leaf ”—
I'll run away, I will,
And be an Indian chief !

FOLLIES OF TO-DAY.

CADDIE, Mintie, Hidie, Hodie,
Pattie, Pinkie, Dulie, Dodie,
Flossie, Nonie, Tannie, Todie,
List, ye shades I pray !
Grandames all, of every station,
Issue forth in protestation,
And rebuke with indignation,
Follies of to-day !

Gussie, Hennie, Minnie, Mattie,
Dollie, Gratie, Sadie, Hattie,
Tiny, Beebie, Birdie, Cattie,
And a dozen more
Full as senseless and erratic.
O, ye belles, who search the attic,
Take their names,—'twould be ecstatic,
With the robes they wore.

Grand Matilda, now but Tillie,
Milicent, instead of Millie,
Sweet Cecilia, lost in Cillie;

Sarah, Edith, Kate,
Jane, Eliza, Rachel, Dora,
Helen, Lucy, Ruth or Flora,
Anna, Margaret and Nora,
Mary, *now 'tis Mate.*

Fathers, husbands, all are mourning,
Fashion's strange, uncouth adorning,
For the "gentler sex" are scorning
Feminine attire.

Collars, neckties, Derbys, Sailors,
Coats and vests by modish tailors
Made—and ulsters,—canes from Gaylor's,—
Can they more desire?

Yea, "sub rosa," be it spoken,
Else my peace of mind were broken,
Cigarettes—the signs betoken;

What will follow then?
Very little more is needing,
Other garments superseding
Skirts. 'Tis thus Dame Fashion's leading—
Strike for rights, O men!

“ MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.”

B E patient when trials assail thee,
And hope seems to fade from thy sight ;
When the glory of morning has vanished
And left but the darkness of night ;
In deepest affliction despair not,
Though bitter the ordeal may be,
Remember the Saviour’s sweet promise,
“ My grace is sufficient for thee.”

If blossoms of joy droop and wither,
When fairest and brightest they seemed,
Forget not, “ through great tribulation,”
Have passed all the white-robe redeemed ;
When loved ones, thy nearest and dearest,
To join them, cross death’s narrow sea,
Murmur not, He is faithful who promised,
“ My grace is sufficient for thee.”

Then trust, though the clouds frown above thee,
And thorns cluster thick 'neath thy feet,
While others have flowerets and sunshine,
And quaff from life's chalice but sweet ;
The reason we shall know hereafter—
On earth we but darkly can see ;
Then courage, He suffered, who sayeth
“ My grace is sufficient for thee.”

Grief purifies, fits us for Heaven—
A Father's hand holdeth the rod ;
In joy we forget the kind giver,
In sorrow we turn unto God ;
Have faith, then, He ne'er will forsake thee,
And merciful ever shall be ;
To tried souls and tempted, He whispers—
“ My grace is sufficient for thee.”

SUNSET.

A BOVE the hills, mist-mantled, a wondrous
glory lies,
Bright billows—gold and amethyst—flood all the
western skies.

O, perfect, matchless picture ! O, scene sublimely
fair !

A glimpse of Heaven seeming, of glory shining
there.

How slow the purple paleth, the crimson fades to
gray,

While sad the night-breeze waileth above the dying
day.

Its joys and griefs are ended, its cares and trials
past,

Its record sealed, O, solemn thought, what if it were
our last ?

Ah, can it be that Heaven's gates each even stand
ajar,

While guardian angels wing their flight, unseen,
from star to star ?

And if the City's portals are so beautiful to see,
What must the hidden splendor of the "many
mansions" be ?

This hour to me doth holy seem, my soul goes forth
in prayer

To God who hath to mortals given a scene so grand,
so fair ;

And when my life's last sun hath set, and death's
long night is nigh,

O, may I wake in that bright land, where daylight
ne'er shall die.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GUELDER ROSE.

THE legend saith a lovely maiden died,
And to her stainless soul heaven's portals wide
Were opened, and amid the white-clad throng
She stood and heard the never-ending song.
Yet seemed the fields Elysian incomplete,
So far from those she fondly loved—and fleet
Her gentle spirit earthward winged its way
To haunt each spot held dear in life's brief day,
When suddenly before her doth appear
Her guardian angel. "Wherefore art thou here ?"
He questioned. She made answer, pleadingly :—
"Sad even in Paradise was I. To me,
Oh, grant this boon : I would a flower become,
And bloom in beauty near my earthly home."

The pitying angel smiled and said, "Rejoice ;
Thy prayer prevails—speak; lo, thou hast thy choice !
What wouldest thou be ? a glorious tulip rare,
Resplendent with the hues that monarchs wear ?"

“ A tulip ?” “ Nay, she doth but charm the eyes—
She hath no fragrance— nought but gorgeous dyes.”

“ A lily ?” “ She doth lift her head on high,
And seeming saith, ‘ No flower so fair as I.’ ”

“ A queenly rose ?” “ Nay, cruel thorns hath she,
And wounds the hand that clasps her lovingly.”

“ A grand camellia ?” “ Nay : since power to choose
Thou givest, I would be a guelder-rose.”

“ What ! bloom alone amid the frost and snow,
While icy winds against thee rudely blow—
So soon to perish in thy loveliness,
Nor ever feel the zephyr’s soft caress ?”

“ Yes, thus I’d live, though but for one brief day,
If, while my life was fading fast away,
I could announce the coming of the spring,
And bid the frost-sealed earth awake and sing !”

A MEMENTO QUILT.

TEN years ago this very day
Seven merry maidens met
At Deacon Dean's,—that scene so gay
Lives in my memory yet.
From satin work-bag each one drew
A lustrous, silken square,
Log-cabin pattern—every hue
Of beauty blended there,—

Rose, ruby, lilac, gold, and grey,
Pink, purple, garnet, green,
Flame-tints, like clouds at close of day,
The opal's changeful sheen.
On every velvet centre bar
Was stitched the giver's name.
One of our galaxy—a star
As yet unknown to fame—

Daisy, the deacon's pet and pride,
The fairest of our band,
Was soon to wed—a loving bride :
Far in a foreign land
Her home would be,—this gift to mind
The fate of each would bring,
And nimble fingers joined and lined,
While hearts were fluttering.

For oft we wondered, that glad day,
Who next would be a wife :
Our haughty beauty, Alice Grey,
Declared she'd end her life
In convent cell, before she'd choose
A lord with auburn hair ;—
But who a million could refuse
With ruddy locks to share !

Poor Alice ! oft I see her ride
Abroad in lonely state,
Her petted poodle at her side :
I know she finds too late
That love is better far than gold,
And lace and diamonds pall
When hearts are empty, sordid, cold,
And joy beyond recall.
G

Wild, wilful Kate with scorn averred
That parsons she despised,
With solemn faces, gowns absurd !
Her liberty she prized.

Now at the rectory she rules,
Dispensing cordials, tracts,—
Presides at meetings, visits schools,
Armed, Gradgrind-like, with facts.

Rena's romantic heart we knew
Was on a hero set,—
A young lieutenant brave and true,—
His tarnished epaulet
She prized of all her treasures most.
He fell in frontier war,
While she at Syrian mission post
Now toils from friends afar.

Grace vowed a widower his suit
Would plead with her in vain ;
Since second love was tasteless fruit :
She married Judge Germaine !
His third spouse, too !—each former wife
Left olive branches four,
Unruly boys, at endless strife,
With mischief brimming o'er.

Bright Bess rejected wealth and fame
And wed Squire Sheldon's son,
An honest farmer ;—riches came
By earnest effort won.

Now merry sons and daughters fair
Make gay the homestead old ;
Yet smooth her brow and bright her hair,
No silver midst its gold.

And my life-story, Marguerite :—
Stern duty bravely done
Reward at last so full and sweet
Life crowned, love's kingdom won !
“One question more ?” Ah, tearful-eyed
I answer, Back to me
This silken web, when Daisy died,
Was sent from o'er the sea !

A PRACTICAL PROPOSAL.

I COME not to win you with wealth,
To offer position or fame ;
My riches are energy, health,
Hope, youth, and a good, honest name—
Strong hands that are willing to toil,
A heart brave to bear and to do ;
And though at my suit you may smile,
I dare come a-wooing to you.

A rhyme, my beloved, I can't weave
In praise of your eyes or your hair ;
If plain, simple prose you'll believe,
To me you're surpassingly fair.
By flowers some confess, it is true,
The love they lack courage to speak,
But the price of the buds, though but few,
Would keep us in coal for a week.

No hero am I, dear, I own ;
I wield but the truth as a lance ;
But I love, and I'll love you alone
For aye—if you give me the chance.
I'll strive to win all, for your sake,
A man worth the name would most prize ;
But can't swear my heart you would break
Though I should read scorn in your eyes.

I plead not with eloquent speech ;
I'd hate to get down on my knees ;
The lovers who vow and beseech,
Coquettes are best fitted to please.
And even if you should reject—
Though 'tis not romantic, I own—
A tragedy, pray, don't expect,
I'd rather live on, though alone.

INVOCATION TO JACK FROST.

THIMITABLE artist! mute, unseen,
Engraver weird, magician of the night;
Sculptor of chisel noiseless, pencil keen,
Whither, ah whither hast thou taken flight?

The snow fays lingered for a little while,
To weave for mother earth a coverlet
With emerald fringes, but the sun's bold smile,
Abashed them and they vanished. Winter set

His royal seal on streamlet, river, lake;
But, spurning bondage to the stern Ice King,
They rise, rebel, his chilling chains they break,
And 'mid the broken links leap up and sing:

We miss his regal ermine,—gaunt trees stand
Discrowned. Last year, in robes of silvery sheen
Pearl-broidered, diamond-dowered throughout the
land,
Each stood like royal bride,—a forest queen!

Gay youths and maidens, happy boys and girls,
Sigh for the silver bells' sweet melody,

And long to glide in graceful, mazy whirls,
O'er fettered floods of crystal, fearless, free.

But all,—the old, the middle-aged, the child,
Miss thy pane pictures,—fairy tales on glass,
Fern forests, towering domes, and deserts wild,
Alps, airy minarets, and mountain pass.

Again, a patch of sky, and myriad stars,
A field of wind-swayed grass, or drooping grain,
A rugged steep, rocks castle crowned, and bars
Of gleaming sunlight dashed with gusts of rain.

Come back, Enchanter! Wave thy wondrous wand,
Fill with surprise, and rapture eager eyes,
Wile age and care into the mystic land
Of blissful ignorance, where fools are wise!

O, hasten, for already spring doth weave
Arbutus wreaths wherewith to deck her breast;
Her sentinels upon the hillsides grieve,
Waiting a whispered signal from the West.

Bid Boreas bear thee from the northland far;
Steal through the silent, sleeping land to-night;
With soundless step slip o'er each casement bar,
And bring with morn an ever fresh delight.

FAITH.

A STAR that gleams with ever steady ray
Through dark clouds thunder-riven ;
A ladder for the angels' shining way
'Twixt earth and highest heaven.

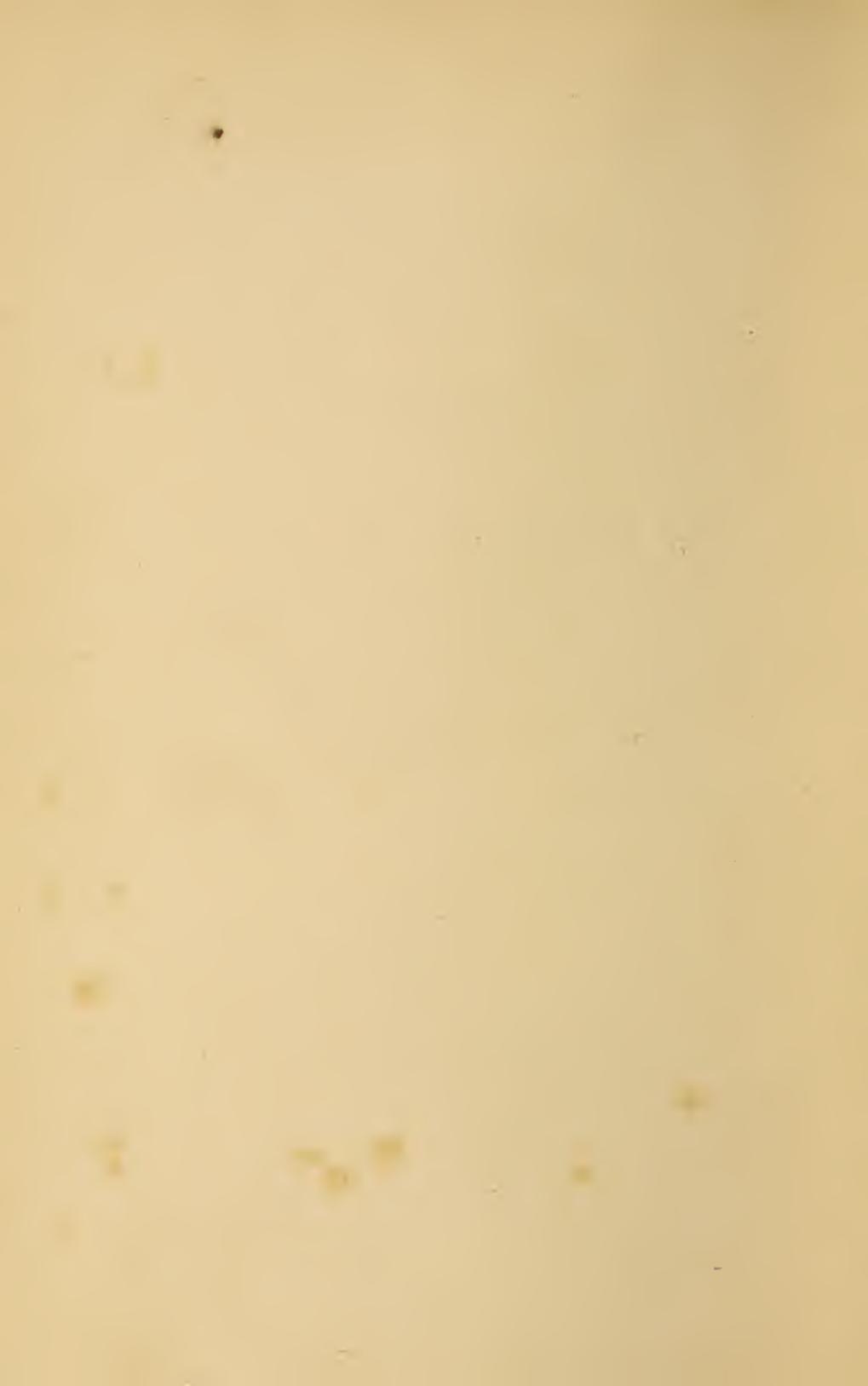
A white-winged bark, upon a storm-tossed sea,
Wreck-strewn and desolate ;
A deathless beacon-ray—the golden key
Which opes the Pearly Gate.

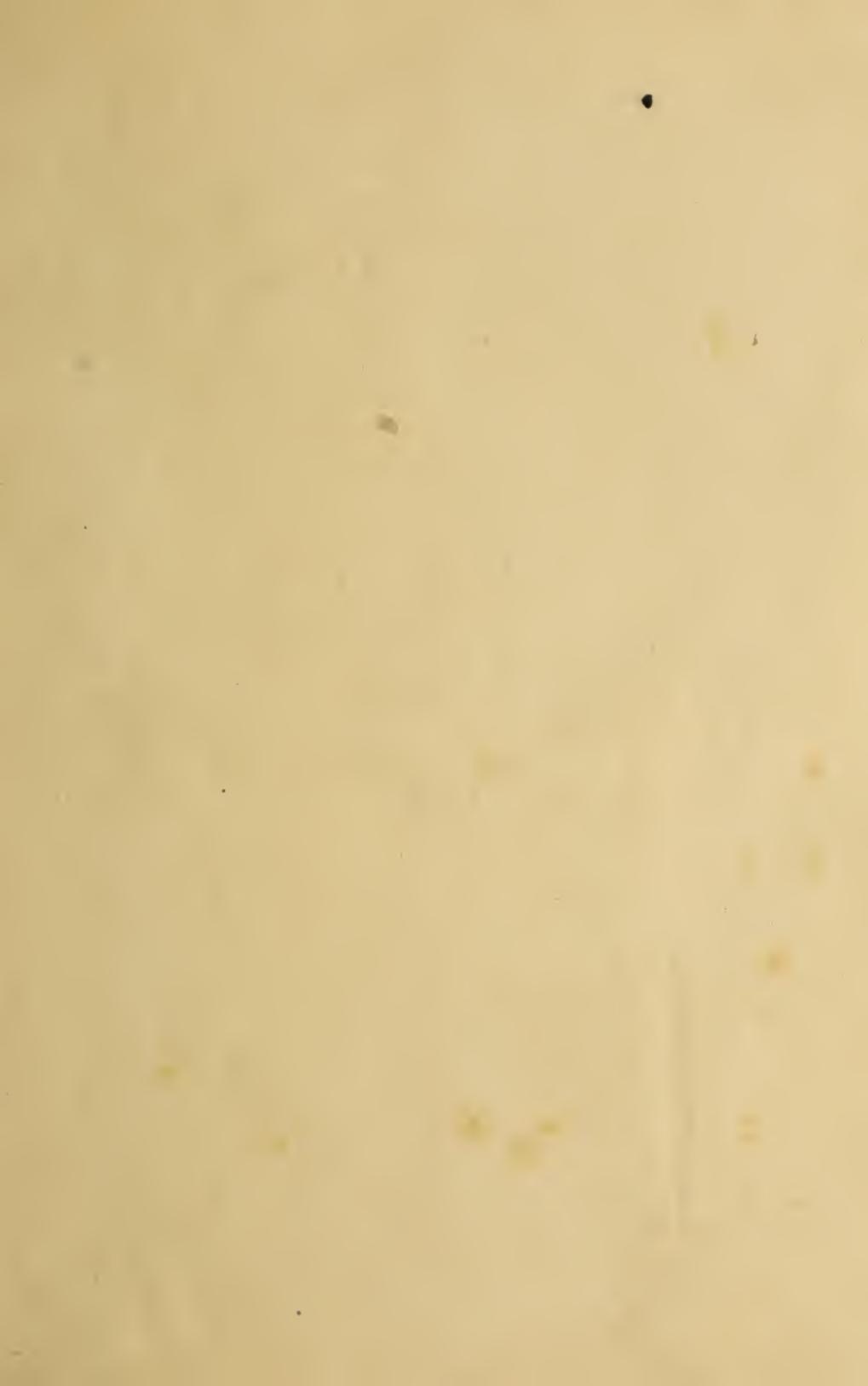
The stretching forth of hands with trustful eyes
To grasp an unseen Friend ;
To follow wheresoe'er His pathway lies,
Calm, steadfast, to the end.

The offering up of prayers, like incense sweet ;
The tearful, mute appeal
Of humble souls,—the cry at Jesus' feet,
“ Have mercy, Lord, and heal ! ”

To feel like wakeful children when they hear,
Within a darkened room,
The Father's voice, and, knowing him anear,
Rest fearless in the gloom.

O, loving Saviour, perfect all our powers :
Thou art the living Vine.
If we abide in Thee all things are ours,
For we, dear Lord, are Thine.





Author MacColl, Mary J

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